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JOTTINGS

IN

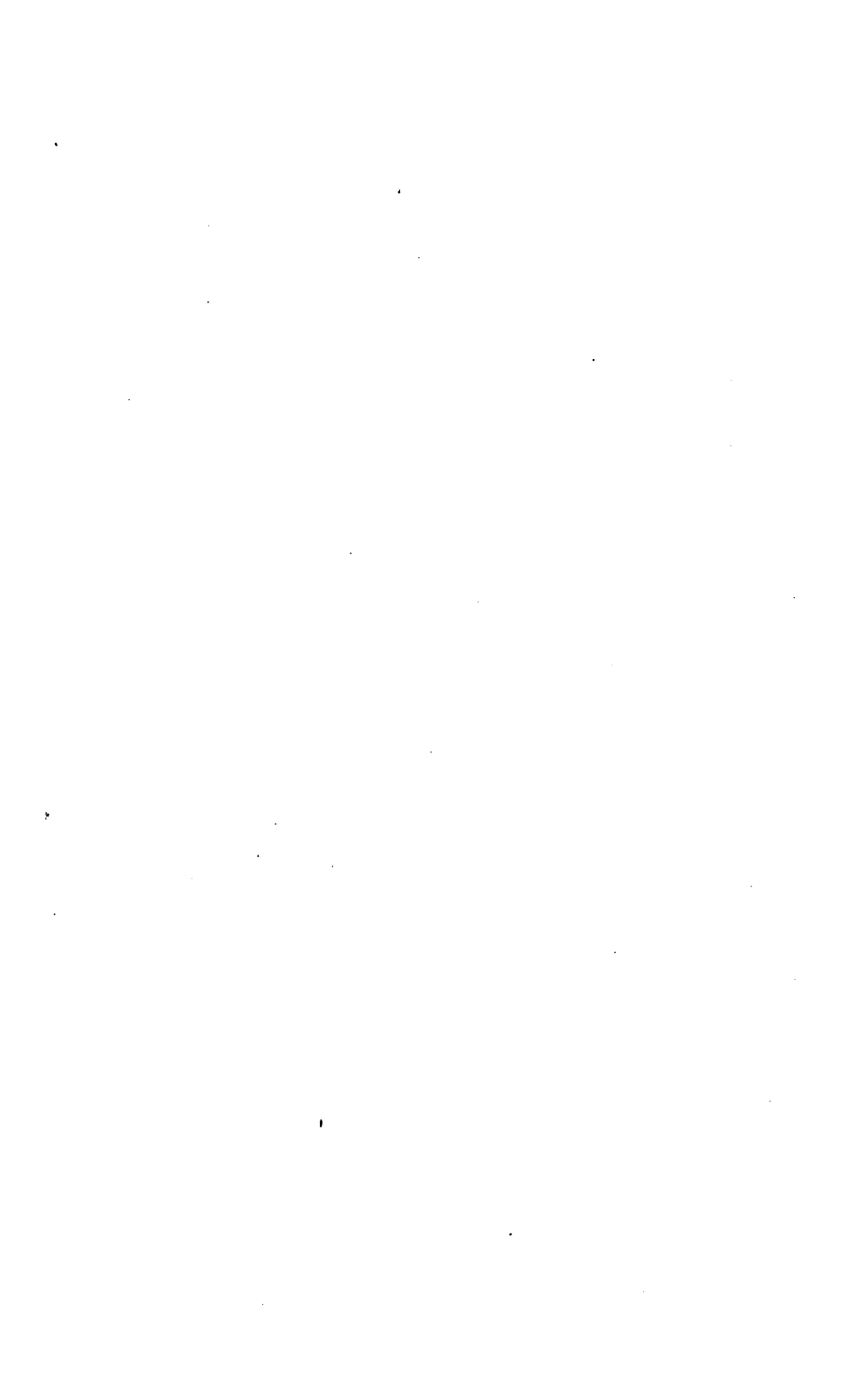
VERSE.











JOTTINGS IN  
VERSE.

Sacred and Secular.

By Samuel Sharman.



BIRKENHEAD:  
BROOM & WALMSLEY, PRINTERS, 1, HAMILTON SQUARE  
1889.





## EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

---

Ah ! plying Muse, inspire my lay !  
For, 'faith, I can't find aught to say !  
I'm grown so bashful, as I live !  
Words to my thoughts no utterance give.

What ? Ho ! You won't ! Then I suppose  
I must perforce descend to prose.

To all those into whose hands these pages may  
fall they are humbly dedicated, in the hope that  
they may afford some little amusement.

THE AUTHOR.



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# **Sacred Poems.**



## Hymns.

---

### I.—TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

---

Sweet Spirit of God who at the Creation,  
Upon the deep void of chaos didst brood,  
Before the Word placed the round world in its station,  
Or God the All-Father approved it as good :

Who art for my spirit for aye interceding  
(By God's own decree) with unspeakable sighs ;  
Oh ! hearken in love to my soul's silent pleading  
Which only on Thee for guidance relies.

Oh ! send out Thy light and Thy truth, let them lead me  
And let me be brought to Thy most Holy Hill :  
With Love's sweetest blessings, Oh ! nourish and feed me,  
And mould my heart's longings to Thy blessed will.

As gently and softly the Zephyrs of Even  
Low melodies murmur amid the tall trees,  
So shed o'er my spirit the sweet breath of Heaven,  
And waken my Love with it's freshening breeze.

But let not this Love be a transient passion  
Departing as soon as its ardour is flown,  
Nor passing excitement of mind-adulation  
That lasteth but till the bright glamour is gone ;

But breathe in my spirit Thy Presence indwelling,  
And brood o'er the chaos of earth's weary strife,  
And let Thy still voice in my bosom be swelling  
And bid me arise to Thy glorious life.



Attune the poor songnotes my glad heart upraises  
 To closer agreement, Blest Spirit, with Thine ;  
 Oh ! let them be lost in the Ocean of Praises  
 That washes for ever the steps of Thy Shrine.

And when on the worship of Heaven I ponder  
 Oh ! let but my soul with its music be filled,  
 And while on the earth as a pilgrim I wander,  
 Let Heaven's own peace through my life be distilled.

Oh ! draw me to Jesus, that, in Him discerning,  
 My Saviour, Redeemer, my Guide and my Friend,  
 To Him I may cling, and of Him ever learning,  
 My faltering footsteps to His way may bend.

Let me but believe that His mighty Salvation  
 Was wrought, wondrous mercy ! for sinners like me ;  
 And know that no longer remains condemnation,  
 For them who in Him from their sins are set free.

Oh ! let me but know that to all the believing  
 He promiseth ever His own keeping power ;  
 From the Father's right hand watching o'er them and giving  
 A way of escape in temptation's dark hour.

Then at Thy sweet bidding in His footsteps treading,  
 Our life and our love shall be worthy His name ;  
 And we the great Gospel of Peace be forth spreading,  
 Till others are fired with its glorious flame.

Descend in Thy might, as before Thee we're bending,  
 And hear the petitions Thy supplicants raise,  
 That we by Thy leading, when life's day is ending,  
 May pass through Death's gate to the Palace of Praise.

And then with all Saints our Trisagions raising,

Sing—"Blest be the LAMB who for sinners was slain,"

One God in Three Persons in loud anthems praising ;

"To Whom be all glory for ever." Amen.

## II.—AN EASTER CAROL.

---

Raise the high triumphal lay,  
Christ our King is risen to day,  
Death is vanquished, sin laid low,  
See Him crowned with victory now.

Risen in Him, in Him made free  
Join we in His Victory,  
Safely sheltering 'neath His care,  
Death can never harm us there.

“Risen indeed” no more to die;  
Risen, to reign with Him on high,  
Risen, to Life, and Love, and Peace,  
Risen, to Joys which ne'er shall cease.

### III.—THE WARRIORS OF SALVATION.

---

#### PART I.

Hark ! the trumpet soundeth  
 Calling to the fray,  
 Up ! ye gallant warriors,  
 Up ! and win the day,  
 Proudly in the forefront  
 Waves the Gonfalon :  
 Rallying round your Standard,  
 On ! ye warriors, on !  
 Forward ever marching, raise the battle cry,  
 JESUS our Salvation, Christ our victory.

Fleetly fly the arrows  
 Dealing death around,  
 Christian ! never falter  
 Firmly stand thy ground.  
 Thousands fall beside thee  
 Yet be not dismayed,  
 None can ever harm thee  
 'Neath thy Banner's shade.  
 Forward ever marching, raise the battle cry,  
 JESUS our Salvation, Christ our victory.

Yonder in the sunlight  
 See your Banner shine,  
 Mark its mystic Motto  
 Fraught with Love Divine ;

“JESUS *only* JESUS”  
 This it's legend's lore,  
 “Free and full Salvation,”  
 “Life for evermore.”

Forward ever marching, raise the battle cry,  
 JESUS our Salvation, Christ our victory.

Did he not on Calvary  
 For your sins atone ?  
 Oh ! then come and claim Him,  
 Claim Him as *your own*.  
 Answer : I *have* claimed Him,  
*Now* He's wholly mine,  
 And I've *found* Salvation  
 In His love benign.”

Forward ever marching, raise the battle cry,  
 JESUS our Salvation, Christ our victory.

Art thou very weary ?  
 Weak from loss of blood ?  
 Raise thy drooping eyelids  
 To the Holy Rood.  
 There behold thy JESUS  
 Bleeding on the Tree ;  
 Hear Him, Oh ! so sweetly,  
 Calling unto thee.

Forward ever marching, raise the battle cry,  
 JESUS our Salvation, Christ our victory.

“Come, oh fainting warrior  
 To thy Saviour's side,  
 Lo, from out these wound prints  
 Flows the healing tide.

In its soothing unction  
 Steep thine aching pain,  
 Then, refreshed and strengthened  
 Forth to fight again !”  
 Forward ever marching, raise the battle cry,  
 JESUS our Salvation, Christ our victory.

---

PART II.

Courage ! courage ! warriors,  
 God is on your side :  
 He'll defend and keep you  
 Whatsoever betide.  
 Hath not He enrolled you  
 By Baptismal rite,  
 Into His great Army,  
 Clothing you with might ?  
 Forward ever marching, raise the battle cry,  
 JESUS our Salvation, Christ our victory.

Hath not His sweet Spirit,  
 Dropping forth the dew  
 Of His sevenfold unction  
 Sealed the compact true ?  
 Yes ! oh faithful warrior  
 Thou art His alone,  
 'Neath His wings He'll keep thee  
 Till thy rest is won.  
 Forward ever marching, raise the battle cry,  
 JESUS our Salvation, Christ our victory.

Lo ! from Heaven's high Altar,  
 Christ, Eternal Priest  
 Weary warriors calleth  
 To His Heavenly Feast :  
 " Ho ! all ye that hunger  
 Taste this Food Divine,  
 Led by wondrous wisdom,  
 Drink My mingled Wine."  
 Forward ever marching, raise the battle cry,  
 JESUS our Salvation, Christ our victory.

Here thou often feedest  
 On the Angel's food,  
 Manna sweet from Heaven  
 O'er thy path is strowed.  
 Here the Cup of Blessing,  
 Wine of wondrous might,  
 Fills the soul with vigour,  
 Nerves thee for the fight.  
 Forward ever marching, raise the battle cry,  
 JESUS our Salvation, Christ our victory.

---

PART III.

See the glorious victors  
 Who the prize have won !  
 Hear we not their voices  
 Urging ever on ?  
 First is Christ the Captain  
 Crowned in Lambent Light,

With celestial glory  
 Wondrously bedight.  
 Forward ever marching, raise the battle cry,  
 JESUS our Salvation, Christ our victory.

Round His Throne resplendent  
 Soar the Cherubim,  
 Singing with sweet Seraphs  
 Heaven's highest hymn.  
 Like a mighty pæan  
 Sweep the chords along,  
 Till the courts celestial  
 Ring with jubilant song.  
 Forward ever marching, raise the battle cry,  
 JESUS our Salvation, Christ our victory,

Next is Blessed Mary  
 Mother she and Maid ;  
 " Lily ever fragrant  
 Of sweet Eden's shade." \*  
 There in golden Vesture  
 By the King she stands,  
 Crowned with joys supernal  
 By His royal Hands.  
 Forward ever marching, raise the battle cry,  
 JESUS our Salvation, Christ our victory.

There the Twelve Apostles,  
 Mighty Pioneers,  
 Preachers of the Gospel  
 Through eternal years ;  
 Sitting 'mid the Elders,  
 Round about the Throne,

\* " Lily of Eden's fragrant shade." Keble's X'tian Year. Ann. B.V.M



At the feet of JESUS  
 Cast their laurels down.  
 Forward ever marching, raise the battle cry,  
 JESUS our Salvation, Christ our victory.

There the Holy Martyrs,  
 Glorious Champions they !  
 Marked with scars of glory,  
 Triumph now for aye.  
 Bands of bright Confessors  
 Follow in their train,  
 And to JESUS ONLY,  
 Chant the glad refrain.  
 Forward ever marching, raise the battle cry,  
 JESUS our Salvation, Christ our victory.

Patriarchs and Prophets,  
 Seers of olden time,  
 Join with Priests and Prelates,  
 In their hymns sublime.  
 All God's own dear chosen  
 Join the priestly choirs,  
 Aye in peace rejoicing,  
 Joy that never tires.  
 Forward ever marching, raise the battle cry,  
 JESUS our Salvation, Christ our victory.

With them mighty legions  
 Armies of the sky,  
 Raise their joyous songnotes,  
 Psalms of Victory.  
 Thou, thy voice uplifting,  
 Catch the gladsome strain,

Till it's echoes peal  
 From Heaven's hills again.  
 Forward ever marching, raise the battle cry,  
 JESUS our Salvation, Christ our victory.

One day *we* shall join them  
 On the Holy Shore,  
 Fight and turmoil over,  
 Peace for evermore.  
 In bright Sion singing  
 Sweet seraphic lays :  
 HOLY ! HOLY !! HOLY !!!

This the strain we raise.  
 To the TRI-UNE GODHEAD, endless glory be,  
 Who to us hath given Heaven and victory.

## IV.—THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

---

The Saints on earth with God on high  
 A sweet communion hold,  
 For Jesus Christ, the Love of God,  
 Dwells ever in His fold.

E'en now in our poor sinful hearts  
 He condescends to dwell,  
 And ever will with us abide,  
 If we but love Him well.

Upon the Altars of His Church  
 He daily pours His Blood,  
 His Body, too, He breaks for us,  
 To be our Holy Food.

And do we not with Saints above,  
 Whose earthly work is done,  
 A holy fellowship possess  
 Since all *in Him* are One ?

What is it after all that now  
 Conceals them from our eyes ?  
 'Tis but the portal dark yond which  
 Eternal splendour lies.

For there, from Zion's lofty peaks  
 What passes here they see.  
 And from their dwelling place on high  
 Behold our misery.

While like a fragrant incense cloud  
 Their intercessions rise,  
 To fill with one vast storm of prayer  
 The love-embattled skies.

Ah ! when we see the multitudes  
 Of saints from every land,  
 Or try to count the countless throngs  
 Before God's Throne who stand,

Bethink we, since the fervent prayer  
 Of *one* God fearing saint  
 Can much avail, what right have we  
 To languish or to faint ?

IN JESUS all their prayers are made,  
*He* prays in every one ;  
 Their prayers He, as the One High Priest,  
 Presents before the Throne.

Then, lifting up our hearts on high  
 In loving, thankful praise,  
 We ask, that they may intercede  
 For us through all our days.

And for the Dead in Christ, we pray :  
 " O Jesus grant them rest,  
 Where shines the light of thy dear love  
 On spirits Thou hast blest."

Thus, aided by each others' prayer,  
 We'll praise Thee, Jesus, King !  
 Oh ! may we meet at last in Heaven,  
 And there for ever sing :

All laud to God the Father be,  
To God the Son be praise,  
And Spirit too ; one TRINITY,  
We hymn in endless lays.

## Various.

---

### I.—A CHRISTMAS DITTY.

---

The clang of the Bells from the spires around,  
     Merrily, merrily ringing,  
 The Robin's voice on the snowy ground  
     Merrily, merrily singing,  
         Peal forth the lays,  
         Of gladsome praise,  
 Till the vaulted skies with the echoes ring.  
  
 The silvery light of the moonlit night,  
     Brightly, brightly streaming,  
 O'er the frosted snow in the clear starlight  
     Brightly, brightly gleaming,  
         Pours out its rays  
         In floods of praise  
 Rejoicing to welcome the NEW BORN KING.

## II.—EVENSONG.

---

Sweetly sound the Vesper bells  
Thrilling through the air ;  
Each clear note the message tells,  
'Tis the hour of Prayer.

From the cloister chapel peals,  
Solemn Vesper Psalm ;  
O'er my fevered spirit steals  
Peaceful, restful calm.

Slowly sinks the Orb of Day,  
Yond the Western Hills ;  
While from out each ruddy ray  
A blush of gold distils.

Nature thus demands her share  
In the hymn of praise ;  
Mingling with the chanted prayer  
Evening's silent lays.

## III.—A THOUGHT FOR A WEARY SOUL.

When the hours are dull and dreary,  
When the sands of time oppress,  
When the heart feels sad and weary  
'Neath its load of bitterness.

When the loving, longing, yearning,  
Ever put aside in vain,  
Ever to itself returning,  
Gnaws the heart with racking pain.

When the soul, in fancy dreaming,  
Quaffs her draughts of deadly wine,  
Gazes on a fitful gleaming  
As upon a Light Divine.

Then, in sudden anguish waking  
To a wondrous weariness,  
Each bright hope its post forsaking  
Leaving naught but dreariness.

When the very air is fragrant  
With sweet odours softly blown ;  
Only thou a wand'ring vagrant,  
Hopeless, aimless, all alone.

Hopeless though the prospect seemeth,  
To thy sad and sorrowed soul ;  
Though the weary spirit deemeth,  
None can aye its grief console.



Lift thine eyes from thy own sorrow,  
 Self forget, and gaze above ;  
 Look beyond to God's to-morrow,—  
 To His Home of peace and love.

See beside thee 'mid the shadows  
 Of thy soul's deep bitterness,  
 Breathing balms from Heaven's meadows,  
 Comfort giving in distress,

JESUS stands, His arms spread o'er thee !  
 Then to Him thy sorrows bring !  
 See ! He holds His Cross before thee,—  
 To that cross for ever cling.

Listen ! o'er the silent gloaming  
 Steals His Voice, like music blest.  
 Bidding thee to cease thy roaming,  
 And in Him to find thy rest :—

“ Child of My love ”—thus speaks the Voice Divine—  
 “ Though dreams deceive, and waking woes entwine  
 A web of anguish o'er thy pilgrim way,  
 And heaven itself seem black :—a golden day  
 From out the glooming shadows soon shall dawn  
 And sorrow's mists all melt in Mercy's morn.

Look unto Me and see ! for I give light  
 To them that sit in darkness ; and the night  
 Shall flee away before My quickening breath—  
 Look unto Me and live ! the tyrant Death,  
 No terror wields for them to Me who cling,  
 And seek a refuge 'neath My sheltering wing.

Come unto Me and rest !—" kept by God's power"—  
This be thy watchword when the storm-clouds lower,  
And when the way seems burdensome and long,  
Put thou thy trust in Me, in Me be strong.

Strong in the faith, that, soaring up on high  
Above the dreams of idle phantasy,—  
Upborn by fairy pinions, wings of hope,  
('Gainst fearsome storms and raging winds to cope)—  
Sees, in a golden gleam, the Throne above,  
And floods the heart with ocean throbs of love."

## IV.—“I AM THE LORD THY GOD.”

Hark ! what are those words so sweetly clear  
 Like to the gentle breezes of even ?  
 Yet dread as the storms tempestuous roar  
 The thunders of an angry Heaven ?—  
 “I am the Lord thy God.”

When in the days of mirth and peace  
 Our hearts are filled with joy ;  
 When pleasure and praise go hand in hand  
 And never seem to cloy  
 Then, He is the Lord our God.”

When sorrow or sickness with ghostly tread  
 Invades our mirthfulness,  
 We'll trust in God and be joyful still :  
 Our trouble He'll surely bless,  
 Since He is the Lord our God.

When the angel of death in a sweet embrace  
 Wings a much prized friend above :  
 “The will of our God be done,” we'll cry,  
 For His will is but boundless love ;  
 For He is the Lord our God.

When far from the paths of peace we roam,  
 To other gods go astray,  
 “Be sure I will visit for all these things,”  
 Saith the Lord, “in the last great day ;  
 For I am the Lord your God.”

But thanks be to God ! His Name is Love,  
And He bids us to Him draw near,  
“ O come unto Me, ye sin laden souls  
And I will cast out your fear,  
For I am the Lord your God.

Then Lord, unto Thee we sinners come,  
For mercy we trust Thee alone ;  
Thy Love a Sin Offering hath found for us  
In the person of Thy dear Son ;  
And He is the Lord our God.

## V.—“IN MEMORIAM.”

---

*To a Friend on the Death of his Mother.*

---

Sad is the tearful sorrow ;—  
 Sad is the bated breath ;—  
 Sad is the solemn presence,  
 Stilled in the sleep of death.

Bitter the pangs of parting,—  
 Bitter the hours of pain,—  
 Bitter the anguished silence  
 Flooding the heart's domain.

Vain was the prayerful anguish,—  
 Vain was each longing sigh,—  
 Vain to avert the sorrow  
 Or pass the sentence by.

Sweet was the love she bare you,—  
 Sweet was the mother's care,  
 Sweet was her tender teaching,  
 Blest by a life of prayer.

Weep for the earthly presence,—  
 Weep for the long-loved face,—  
 Weep for the present parting,—  
 Weep for the bygone days.

Weep not in a fruitless sorrow,—  
 Weep not in assuageless grief,—  
 Weep not as helpless mourners,  
 Caring for no relief.

But list while the aching anguish,  
 Nigh crushes the tearful heart,  
 Oh, list ! how the Voice of Comfort,  
 Doth peace to your souls impart.

Gone is her soul before us,—  
 Gone from our anxious eyes,—  
 Gone from our woeful weeping,—  
 Gone—but to Paradise.

Gone to the Church Expectant,—  
 Gone to be with the blest,—  
 Gone to the peace of JESUS—  
 Gone to eternal rest.

Led by the hands of Angels,—  
 Led to the Saint's abode,—  
 Led by the love of JESUS,  
 On to the throne of God.

Gone ! but only in seeming ;  
 / Still shall ye feel her care ;  
 Bound in the Heart of Jesus,—  
 Bound by the links of prayer,

Gone from a feeble knowledge,—  
 Gone from a faith but frail ;—  
 Passed to the Light Eternal,  
 Passed through the rifted veil.

Gone to the cloud of the faithful  
 / Viewing our earthly strife,  
 Only to cheer us onward,  
 On to the Crown of Life.

Only to point to Jesus,—  
 Only to whisper his Love,—  
 Only to tell of the mansions  
 Prepared in His House above.

Cease, then, ye tearful mourners !  
 Let sigh and sorrow cease,  
 For Joy shall awake in the dawning  
 Of Heaven's Eternal Peace.

## VI.—AT HEAVEN'S GATE.

Behold ! at Heaven's gate there stands a lowly form  
 Admittance humbly craving ;  
 Who every danger braving  
 That faced him here below ;  
 The world's sharp taunts deriding  
 And in his God confiding,  
 Right nobly won the fight, in spite of many a storm,  
 Of sorrow, toil and woe.

Hark to that trumpet's clarion sound !  
 Mark how the incense floats around !  
 Sweet sign of holy prayer !  
 Note you that angel throng,  
 So joyously marching along ?  
 They are come to open those golden gates  
 To the spirit who at the threshold waits,  
 Eternal bliss to share  
 With Saints and angels there.

Opened at length are the golden doors,  
 While angels in slow and solemn pace,  
 Lead him before the Throne of Grace ;  
 And light supernal  
 With joy eternal  
 Radiates o'er his happy face  
 As, tremblingly, he his God adores.

And as they march they joyously sing  
 Hymns of praise to their Heavenly King ;



" Lord of Eternal Majesty,  
 Maker of all things, God most High,  
 Whom Heaven and earth do glorify,  
     Thee let earthly Saints adore,  
     And Heavenly Hosts the same,  
 And let the whole creation hymn  
     The splendour of Thy Name.

HOLY ! HOLY !! HOLY !!!  
     God of Majesty !  
     Lord of Hosts Angelic,  
     Armies of the Sky ;  
 Heaven and earth are filled with the glory of Thy Name  
 Of Unal, Trinal Splendour, Great, Glorious I AM."

Scarce had they finished ere a guardian angel,  
 Holding aloft the crown of God's Evangel,  
     Advanced and led him by the hand  
     Unto the sweet confessor band  
     Of blessed Saints from every land  
     Who never cease to sing  
     To the honour of their king ;—  
 " Glory to God in the highest heaven,  
 For He unto man a kind Saviour hath given."

Then from the Throne of Grace  
     In strains of tenderness,  
 Proceeds the Voice Divine—  
     " Thou didst My Name confess  
     Before the face  
     Of human race ;

And for My sake  
Didst suffering take  
As sent thee from above  
In God's all-seeing love.

Thou hast faithful been in little things for Me,  
Therefore over great things thou shalt ruler be.  
As thou before the world My Name confessed,  
Be thou among My Saints for ever blest.

And come, My Father's child ! receive the crown  
In God's foreseeing love, for thee  
Prepared from all eternity ;  
And at the footstool of the Great White Throne,  
Adore and praise the blessed THREE IN ONE."

# VII.—A CHRISTMAS FANCY.

---

Dimly the lights were gleaming  
 In the Church's calm repose,  
 And a peaceful stillness reigning  
 Till the organ's voice uprose.

Without, the bells were ringing  
 Ringing right merrily ;  
 And boys and maidens carolling  
 Christmas minstrelsy.

When trembling with infinite rapture,  
 And wafting the soul above,  
 Came a few sweet sounds from the organ  
 That thrilled with a Wondrous Love.

And then with a peal most glorious  
 Like to a shout victorious  
 Bursts on the soul's enraptured ear a sound of jubilee ;  
 And the walls around  
 The strains resound,  
 As the white-robed choir takes up the sound  
 As, sweetly carolling hymns of praise, they sing of the  
 angel's glee :—

“ In excelsis Domino  
 Gloria, jubilatio,  
 Laus et adoratio.”

And lo ! to my soul's enraptured sight,  
 Flooding my heart with it's radiant light,  
 There bursts a scene of glory—

Angels in the starlit sky,  
Wafting hymns to God on high ;  
While the shepherds gazing  
On the sight amazing,  
Now hear the blessed story

“ Lo ! to you is born this day  
A Saviour, Christ the Lord ; ”  
And hark ! the mighty hosts of heaven  
Echo the blissful word :—

“ Unto us a Child is born,  
Unto us a Son is given,  
On earth be peace, to men goodwill,  
And glory to God in highest heaven,”  
In excelsis Domino  
Gloria, jubilatio,  
Laus et adoratio !

## VIII.—BEFORE THE CANON.



The Choir in joyful gladness singing ;  
 The silver bells the Sanctus ringing ;  
 The sun's warm light so sweetly streaming,  
 Through painted windows gloried gleaming ;  
 The tapers on the Altar burning ;  
 The priest, his gaze to heaven turning ;

In a sweet accord uniting  
 Each and all they seem to say,  
 " Benedictus est Qui venit  
 Domini in Nomine."

" Osanna in excelsis ! " crying  
 " In excelsis gloria ! "  
 While loud we echo, glad replying,  
 " In excelsis gloria ! "

## IX.—GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

---

To Thee, O God, in highest heaven  
 For evermore be glory given ;  
     Let discord cease,  
     On earth be peace,  
 To men goodwill ;—with praise and joyfulness,  
 Thee we adore, Thee glorify and bless ;  
 To Thee give thanks for Thy great glory, Heavenly King !  
     And lays  
     Of praise  
 To Thee, O Father of great might, we joyful sing.

O, JESU, sole begotten Son and Lord,  
 Son of the Father, God's Incarnate Word,  
 Sweet Lamb of God, Who by Thy pain  
 Hast done away our sin's foul stain,  
     Grant us Thy mercy, Lord ;  
 Thou, that tak'st away  
 The world's foul sins, we pray,  
     Grant us Thy mercy, Lord !  
 Thou that tak'st away  
 The world's foul sins we pray,  
     Receive our prayer, good Lord !  
 Sitting at God's right hand,  
 Amid the Saintly band,  
     Grant us Thy mercy, Lord !

For only Thou, O Christ, Incarnate Word,  
Art throughly holy, only Thou, the Lord ;  
    Only Thou, blest JESU Christ,  
        With the Holy Ghost,  
In the Father's glory high  
    Art exalted most.

## Secular Pieces.





## Birthday Greetings.

---

### No. I.

---

O'er the Future's darkling mountains,  
O'er its summits bleak and bare,  
Lighting up each changeful vista,  
Banishing all clouds of care ;

Like the sun in glory shining,  
'Mid the circling worlds above ;  
May each birthday shed its radiance  
O'er a year of peace and love.

And outshining all the others  
In the glory of its sheen,  
May this birthday be the brightest,  
Earnest of "Sweet Seventeen."

And the year that follows after  
Unsurpassed in glad some peace ;  
Till thou reach the Year unending  
Full of joys which ne'er shall cease,

•

No. II.

---

What wishes shall I send thee, love,  
On this thy natal day ?  
What hopes, that fain myself I'd tell,  
My feeble pen pourtray ?

Shall glittering wealth bedeck thy path  
With gleam of shining gold ?  
Or fortune's flickering flames arise,  
Pride's pageants to unfold ?

Shall fashion at thy court attend,  
With many a tricked out show ?  
Society, with falsest smiles  
Her benisons bestow ?

Shall spicy breezes fill the air,  
From isles of pleasure blown ?  
Thy soul by soothing fumes be lulled  
From poisoned censers thrown ?

Shall laughter's notes ring out their chimes,  
And orgies wild begin ?  
Shall grinning mirth lend aid to mask  
The aching heart within ?

Shall fame in falsehood's tints depict  
A scene in pomp beclothed ?  
Shall flattering friendship's lying tongue  
To malice be betrothed ?

Ah ! no, my love ! not such as these  
 My birthday greetings be !  
 No thought of fleeting joys shall mar  
 My heartfelt prayers for thee.

What then ? Shall pinching poverty  
 Grasp thee with bony hand ?  
 Shall woe in sable garments clad  
 Close at thy threshold stand ?

Shall weary solitude preside  
 In sorrow's sombre fame ?  
 And silence, dread and awesome king !  
 O'er all thy actions reign ?

Shall draughts of winter's frosted breath  
 Conspire thy soul to chill ?  
 Or horrid fear thy trembling breast  
 With apprehensions fill ?

Shall laughter's notes be heard no more ?  
 Or mirth withhold her glee ?  
 Thy joyous face, erst wreathed in smiles,  
 Be filled with misery ?

Ah, no ! ah, no ! still less be these  
 My hopes for thee to-day,  
 Let not such evil thoughts intrude  
 Their discords in my lay.

Oh ! whither shall I go, my love,  
 To find thee wishes meet ?  
 Whither, as to a golden fleece,  
 Love guide my swift winged feet ?

Not thus in some far distant clime  
 Lies hid this golden hoard,  
 But near at hand, and ever near  
 Its wealth is safely stored.

Within the heart's dim shadowed depths,  
 As in some dark recess,  
 Lie all those jewelled hopes with which  
 Thy life I fain would bless.

One single word, one "Sesame,"  
 Will all the hoard reveal,  
 And through the vaulted passages  
 In sweet vibrations peal.

That word, what need to tell it thee ?  
 Thou surely know'st it well !  
 Are not its echoes dear to thee,  
 As some sweet vesper bell ?

Love is the magic word which opens  
 The cavern's massy door,  
 Love, in its influence mightier far,  
 Than Cabal's mystic love.

Oh ! by the love I bear to thee !  
 Oh ! by my love returned !  
 By all the offerings rich and rare  
 On Cupid's Altars burned !

Speak but one sweet mystic word,  
 And scan the wealth revealed !  
 See golden wishes, jewelled hopes,  
 To other visions sealed !

There wealth unfathomed at thy feet,  
 Shall all its stores unfold,  
 And greater far its worth to thee  
 Than gleam of yellow gold !

The riches in this store comprised,  
 Our mortal ken transcend,  
 No earthly gems such glory flash,  
 Such hues harmonious blend.

Oh ! may these riches, heaven bestowed,  
 My love, be ever thine ;  
 And thou, as some clear dazzling gem  
 In Christ's own chaplet shine !

There, too, the lofty minarets  
 In golden sunshine gleam,  
 As over high and holy thoughts,  
 The light of peace doth stream.

There are no feeble flickering rays  
 From Fortune's lamps aglow ;  
 But golden sunbeams o'er the scene,  
 The beams of truth bestow.

There are no paltry pageantries  
 With pride o'er all supreme ;  
 There false hypocrisy can ne'er  
 Hide sin with gilded gleam.

But there in glorious regal pomp  
 And power of righteousness,  
 Joys' mighty fane re-echoes loud  
 The strains that tell of peace.

Oh ! may this peace be thine, my love !  
 Thy bright eyes gleam with joy !  
 Thy heart be filled with sparks of mirth !  
 Pleasures which ne'er can cloy !

And like a mighty king enthroned,  
 Let truth for aye preside  
 In all thy thoughts ; and righteousness  
 Thy footsteps ever guide.

There balmy breezes softly blown,  
 With fragrance fill the air ;  
 There rise bright zephyr-wafted clouds  
 Of incense-laden prayer.

There laughter's joy-bells o'er the fields  
 Ring out their merry peal,  
 And e'en to this far world of ours  
 The distant echoes steal.

Oh ! may thy heart be filled, my love,  
 With their strange harmony !  
 And prayerful praise entrance the soul  
 With heaven's own psalmody !

Ah, yes ! but by the last great gem,  
 These jewels seem but poor !  
 As fade and dwindle earthly gems  
 Beside the Kohinoor !

'Tis like some glinting brilliant, filled  
 With radiance passing bright ;  
 And every heart it rests upon  
 Shines forth in dazzling light.

And round it's base, in golden scrip,  
 The Lore of worlds above,  
 The Truth of Truth is shown ; for there  
 'Tis writ that " GOD IS LOVE."

Ah, then ! may love with gentle sway  
 Rule o'er thy destiny,  
 And clothe in sunny smiles the years  
 Laid up in store for thee.

May God Himself thy treasure be !  
 Thy heart His Beauteous Throne !  
 And thou His own beloved be !  
 And He be all thine own.

And as the years roll ever on  
 In calm unceasing flow,  
 On each year gone may Love's warm light  
 Shine forth with ruddier glow !

Until thou reach in heaven's land  
 The years which never cease,  
 Where peace shall melt in boundless love  
 And love in endless peace.



No. III.

---

I would some kindly Muse would touch  
My lips with sacred fire !  
That I in ardent eloquence  
Might breathe my heart's desire.

I would my words, like wingèd shafts,  
Might straight the target gain,  
Like feathered shafts from Cupid's bow  
Fixed in the heart remain.

I would my pen each letter formed  
In tongues of mystic flame,  
In burning floods of poesy  
My wishes to proclaim.

I would that, like to surging waves  
My thoughts might onward roll ;  
And 'as the ocean's anthem-chords  
Enthral the spell-bound soul.

I would my hopes could soar to heaven,  
And cleave the azure sky,  
And thence on outspread scenes of love  
Look down with eagle eye.

But, ah ! too halting is my tongue,  
My noblest words too frail ;  
To clothe my thoughts in beauty's garb  
I strive, but only fail.

My words are all too feebly penned,  
 No eloquence is mine ;  
 No sacred fire enwraps my soul  
 In floods of Light Divine.

No waves of rippling poesy  
 My eager heart embrace ;  
 No rolling floods of harmony,  
 Attune my feeble lays.

No high and lofty sentiments  
 My humble wishes crown ;  
 No eagle eye from heights above  
 On love's expanse looks down.

And yet, tho' feeble be my lay,  
 Unheard the notes I sing ;  
 Still as an offering to thy feet,  
 My humble hopes I'd bring.

Oh ! gaily decked be thy dear shrine  
 On this thy natal day ;  
 All strewn with flowers, and wreathed in bloom ;  
 With pleasure bearing sway.

All hallowed as some festival  
 Be this bright day to thee,  
 May countless smiles like taper gleams,  
 Delight the heart with glee.

Let laughter's rippling melodies  
 Flow as a hymn divine,  
 And incense clouds, of wishes sweet  
 Fill all the perfumed shrine.

The festal comes but once a year,  
 Then happy let it be !  
 With brightest hopes all garlanded,  
 And crowned with jollity.

The new born year is ushered in  
 And gives thee birthday-greet ;  
 And lo ! the future's stores are laid  
 As offerings at thy feet.

He comes, as comes an angel guest,  
 With blessings from on high ;  
 With gifts of love from LOVE Himself,  
 With hopes that ne'er can die.

He comes from LOVE to claim Thy love,  
 To claim thee as love's own ;  
 To make thy heart a resting place  
 Whereon to build His Throne.

He comes that thou may'st dedicate  
 To Him the opening year,  
 And gain from Him that " perfect love  
 That casteth out all fear."

Oh ! greet him then with prayer and praise  
 And all his gifts receive ;  
 And greet, in him, the Lord of Love  
 With just—" Lord I believe."

May He the glorious Prince of Peace,  
 And mighty King of Kings  
 Throughout this year, and all thy years.  
 Keep thee beneath His wings !

That so no hurt may come to thee,  
    Whilst *safe* beneath His care ;  
Tho' grief and sin beleaguer thee,  
    *No* harm can touch thee *there*.

And may He crown each dying day  
    With His deep, wondrous peace ;  
Until the birth-day of new life  
    From waiting brings release.

## Sentimentalities.

---

### I.—THE STREAM.

---

I stood by the side of a rippling stream  
As it merrily bubbled along,  
And my heart was filled with a sweet content  
As I listened to its laughing song.

For like to that streamlet, rushing along  
(So soon to be lost in the sea),  
Were the thoughts, sweetest angel, that filled my soul  
When my gaze first rested on thee.

I stood at the edge of a still calm lake,  
Not a ripple was there to be seen,  
Where the sweet pale moon, in a cloudless sky  
Was reflected in silvery sheen.

Oh ! like to that lake are the deeps of my soul,  
So calm and so stillly are they,  
And thy figure is mirrored for ever therein  
Like the moon's pale silvery ray.

I stood by the brink of the ocean vast,  
Where over the pebbly shore,  
Came that streamlet slowly wandering on,  
Till it vanished for evermore.

Oh ! like to that ocean, measureless, vast,  
Is the span of eternity ;  
/ Where will vanish away as a pleasant dream,  
All my earth born love for thee.

But, my love, we'll love each other still,  
In our Father's home above,  
) And together we'll sing to our harps of gold  
The praises of His great love.

# II.—A LOVE DITTY.

---

The lips of the beautiful ocean

Were kissing the wave-lapped shore,

And its ripples for ever advancing

Seemed to tell of an evermore.

When love first hovered around me,

/ All else was forgotten beside,

And laving my soul with kisses

Came its ever advancing tide.

Through skies dark-vaulted with azure,

'Mid pathways of light-robed day,

The sun courses gladsomely onward,

And seemeth to shine alway,

When over my soul's far horizon

/ Rose love in bright vesture arrayed,

Methought that the sweet heavenly vision

Would never be dimmed nor fade.

But now, like the roaring of thunders

Beat the waves on the ocean shore !

And with frightful and leaden-hued blackness

The sun's light is clouded o'er.

The waves on my soul are fierce breaking

Where once thy dear sun had smiled ;

/ Oh ! why is love's daylight withholden

'Mid tempests so fierce and wild ?

But storms cannot linger for ever,  
The clouds soon will drift away,  
/ And show to our wakening fancy  
The dawn of sweet love's "for aye."  
And, oh! with what feverish longing  
I look for that holy hour,  
When love's golden sun again shining,  
Shall lighten our path once more.



## III—DAYS OF YORE. No. 1.

'Tis the spot where, in the youthtide  
Of our golden love we met,  
When we hailed our love's sun's rising,  
E'er beneath the clouds he set,  
When fair hope our love encircled,  
As a jewel set in gold;  
Ere the parting words were spoken,  
Or the tale of trouble told.  
Darling ! once again I meet thee  
As I met thee once before ;  
Once again in whispers greet thee,  
Zephyrs borne from days of yore.

Then, as a flashing dancing brooklet  
Rippled our love's clear stream ;  
Fanned by the breath of zephyr kisses  
Lit with a golden gleam.  
But, alas ! for beauty's limning !  
And, alas ! for joyous lays !  
Soon the song is hushed in sorrow ;  
Clouded are the golden rays.  
Time had thrown his mantle o'er us,  
Darkness gathered overhead ;  
Hands and hearts alike were parted ;  
Lonely on our ways we sped.  
Till, like the first glad gleam of glory  
Over the distant lea,  
Hope, with his fairy touch, dispelleth  
Shadows 'twixt you and me.

Now, rejoice, the darkness over,  
Love begins his light to show ;  
Now, again, the sun's glad glory,  
Shines as in that long ago.  
Now, again, the gleaming jewel  
Flashes from its zone of gold ;  
Still, fit types of love's " for ever "  
Dance the ripplets as of old.

Darling ! once again I meet thee  
As I met thee once before ;  
Once again with love I greet thee,  
Love that lasteth evermore.

## IV.—DAYS OF YORE. No. 2.

Through the leafy grove, we wandered,  
 Hand in hand, my love and I,  
 While the gentle river ripple  
 Sang its ceaseless lullaby.  
 Overhead the tuneful songsters  
 Carolled forth a joyous lay !  
 Balmy blew the summer breezes,  
 Golden gleamed the god of day.  
     Darling ! still the memory lingers  
     Of those happy days of yore :  
 / Still the echo of its music  
     Rings its changes evermore.

Then, o'er the merry, rippling river  
 Glided our bark along,  
 Rowed by the arms of love, all-puissant  
 Cheered by a joyful song.  
     But, alas ! for love's tomorrow  
     When the happy dream is flown !  
 And, alas ! for love's sad sorrow  
     When the last bright hope is gone.  
 Now the happy stroll is ended,  
 Ended in a gloom of pain ;  
 Love with love no longer blended ;  
     Happy wandering ne'er again.  
 Till, through the shadows of the darkness  
 Glimmers the first bright ray  
 Heralding forth the birth of Eros  
 Ushering in the day.

See ! the future's opening vista,  
Scenes of love and joy reveals !  
And new notes of love's dear music  
O'er my heart shall ring their peals.  
And thy love, then only seeming  
Now in truth begins to be ;  
Love to love with love returning,  
Brings thee back, O love, to me.  
Darling ! still the memory lingers  
Of those happy days of yore :  
And by our true love its changes  
Shall be rung for evermore.

V.—ONLY.  

---

Only a gentle rapping,  
Only a feeble sound,  
Only a wee little signal,  
Making my heart rebound.

Only a window curtain  
Drawn for a moment's space,  
Only a peep behind it,  
Only an angel face.

Only a peal of laughter,  
Ringing a silvery chime,  
Only a ripple of music,  
Echoing mirth sublime.

Only a smile encircling,  
Lips of a rosy red,  
Only a nut-brown coronal  
Over a queenly head.

Only a merry twinkle  
Shot from a pair of eyes ;  
Only a mirthful maiden,  
Only a precious prize.

Only a weird enchantment  
Holding me in its spell ;  
Only a much prized treasure,  
Only, but ah ! too well.

Only a walk together  
Out in a shady lane,  
Only an hour of pleasure,  
Ushering in the pain.

Only a sprig of heather,  
Only a gift to me,  
Given with playful laughter,  
Kept,—as a memory.

Only she was but playing;  
Only of love was none;  
Only a fitful fancy,  
Only a "bit of fun."

Only a brief enjoyment,  
Only a longer pain;  
Only a dying echo  
Ne'er to be heard again.

## VL—LOVE

---

Tell me, oh, what is love ! A vision passing fair,  
Full of bright, tender fantasy ;  
Bitter the waking. bitter the after care ;  
Vanished the dream in misery.

## Miscellaneous.

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### I.—THE MYSTIC GEMS AND THE WIZARD : A DIALOGUE.

---

*To a Young Lady on a Memorable Occasion.\**

---

Tell me not, ye men of science,  
 With your smile of mocking scorn,  
 With a laugh that speaks derision ;  
 Of a proud assumption born ;  
 Tell me not (I speak it wisely)  
 That the mystic's lore is "stuff!"  
 I would warn you should you try it,  
 You would find it real enough.  
 Argue not with deep deductions  
 Traced with logic's index sure ;  
 Think not, as a rocky fortress,  
 On your bases you're secure.  
 What? ye talk of certain proof, sirs ?  
 Prove it, prove it, if ye dare ;  
 Prove that truth is surely lying !  
 Prove that hope is black despair !  
 Ha ! I laugh at all your quibbles  
 Facts will make them all go "squash !"   
 Your "Quod Erat Demonstrandum"  
 Is but hopeles, utter "bosh."

\* The memorable occasion was the extraction of five teeth under ether. The occurrence took place just after the Jubilee Festivities, 1887.



Sob ! ye echo back the challenge !  
 " Prove *your* statements if *you* can !  
 Prove that you can quash *our* logic  
 Change our geometric plan.  
 P'r'aps you'll prove that  $a^2 b$ , miss,  
 Is the same as  $x y z$  ?  
 Or that horehound with chincona  
 Differs naught from gingerbread ?  
 Prove isosceles triangles,  
 To be parallelograms ?  
 Prove that all the truths of science,  
 Are but miserable shams ?  
 Tell us facts are born of fancy ?  
 (*Your* facts are, we well believe !)  
 But the mighty facts of Nature,  
 No ! tis monstrous to conceive !  
 Place your *so-called* facts before us,  
 They will vanish at our touch ;—  
 (Intellect as weak as water !  
 Wand'ring wits account for much ")

Good ! your challenge, sirs, is taken !  
 Lifted is the mailed glove !  
 Your conclusions shall be shaken,  
 I my statements well can prove.  
 Ye would say that charms and tokens,  
 Omens and such-like are " bosh !"  
 Magic gems of mystic power :—  
 " Bah !" you cry, " it will not *wash*."  
 Well, then, what of necromancers ;  
 (Give the wizard but his worth !)

" But a horde of base impostors !  
     Should be scour'd from off the earth."  
 What of dreams and mystic visions ?  
     Sights and sounds that make one creep ?  
 " Too much supper—indigestion—  
     Fevered brain—unhealthy sleep,"  
 What of horrible enchantments ?  
     Curses leaving woe behind ?  
 " But the working of the fancy  
     On a weak unsettled mind."

Gentlemen ! anticipated  
     Every answer was by me.  
 Now, my facts I'll place before you,  
     Ye the truth shall surely see.  
 Ye have scoffed at witching jewels,  
     Charms for pleasure, charms for pain ;  
 Necromancers ye decide, at  
     Mystic visions laugh amain.  
 Listen then, my simple story,  
     (Mind you, *every word is true*)  
 Will most surely bring agreement  
     You with me, and I with you.  
 Know, that many years have vanished,  
     (Yet *not* many, *few* were they)  
 Since of several pearly jewels  
     I became possessed one day.  
 Jewels all of snowy whiteness,  
     Jewels very fair to see,  
 Glistening in the sunny radiance  
     Shining as tho' full of glee.

Magic jewels, all the lot, Sirs :  
 Fraught with fate as moments fly.  
 First they brought me only sorrow,  
 Mingling with my infant cry.  
 Say you, " How can mystic jewels  
 Cause an infant any pain ?"  
*How*, I know not, but it was so,  
 This I say and say again.  
 Soon enjoyment followed after,  
 Pleasure after pain and woe :  
 " Clouds have all a silver lining,"  
 This great truth right well you know.  
 Then they caused a vast enjoyment,  
 Joy that's dear to childhood's days ;  
 (Lollipops and sugar candy :  
 Jam tarts set on little trays !)  
 Many smiles have they revealing  
 Lit with gladsome merriment ;  
 Many kisses, secret stolen,  
 They have extra sweetness lent,

But among the mystic number,  
 Five there were of other sort,  
 Differing not in outward seeming,  
 But with pain and trouble fraught.  
 Long their dire malignant scheming  
 Hidden was 'neath laughter's guise :  
 Naught the unfelt pain bespeaketh  
 That bright smile, those laughing eyes ;  
 Like some gnome in fairy figure,  
 As a wolf in lamb-like garb ;

Hidden was the painful gnawing  
     Hidden, too, the poisoned barb.  
 But, like hypocrites unveiling,  
     Soon their nature true was found ;  
 Prelude to long nights of sorrow  
     By their blasting influence bound.  
 Nights of weary wakeful anguish,  
     Days of dull and aching smart :  
 Thus the good were all o'ermastered,  
     Thus the ill performed their part.

Now, it chanced I knew a wizard  
     Learned in his mystic lore,  
 Knowing all the weirdsome secrets  
     Wizards aye had known before.  
 Knowing how to crush the jewels,  
     Crush their power for good or ill ;  
 Knowing how to banish knowledge  
     And the brain with visions fill.  
 " Bah ! " you say, " some deft impostor  
     On you greenhorns thriving well !  
 No ! as honest as yourselves, sirs,  
     And as free from treason fell.  
 Hied I then in great impatience  
     To this man for lore renowned :  
 My dear sister would come too,  
     (*Inquisitive*, as I'll be bound.)  
 She to know my secrets longeth ;  
     Like you scientists for that ;  
 But she's young and cannot get them !  
     No, nor yet will you, that's flat !

Oh ! I cannot tell the story  
 Of that horrid, awful day ;  
 All the words I fain would utter  
 Mem'ry's terrors chase away.  
 On his mystic couch he placed me,  
 'Tis the dreaming couch, I'm told,  
 Though I've heard, it may be truly,  
 Some it does in tortures hold.  
 Now begin the mystic movements,  
 Lightsome vapours fill the air,  
 And a mighty fear comes o'er me,  
 Mingled with a dread despair.  
 And I see all things assuming  
 Forms of direful potency ;  
 Spirits hovering around me  
 In a sheen of radiancy.  
 Oh ! the white and soulless terror !  
 Creeping on so noiselessly !  
 Oh ! the tingle of the senses !  
 Oh ! the jumping suddenly !

Soon a peaceful sleep comes o'er me,  
 Sleep all restful, gently calm,  
 Stifling all the fearsome horrors  
 Benishing all wild alarm.  
 Music's charms are spreading round me,  
 Solemn march and tuneful song—  
 Masses, operas, and dances—  
 See them how they whirl along !  
 Happy days spent out a-shopping—  
 Village scenes—and pigs—and cows—

" Mashers " trying to be " killing "—  
 And an honest farmer's blouse—  
 Gaudy tints—and saddened shadows—  
 Silks and satins—paisley shawls—  
 Funeral sermons—graves—and mourners—  
 Mix with suppers—dances—balls—  
 Stately pageants, golden sunshine—  
 Trumpet fanfares—psalmody—  
 Portraits of the Queen by thousands—  
 Medals of the Jubilee !

Sudden waked I from my trances,—  
 All my pain and anguish gone !  
 Vanished were the fearsome jewels !  
 And their power for ever flown !  
 Now the smiles break forth in plenty,  
 Like to sunshine after rain ;  
 And the merry row of jewels  
 Gleams with happiness again.

Now, ye men of science, tell me,  
 Have ye read the riddle right ?  
 Have I spoken aught but truly ?  
 Aught that will not bear the light !

" Madame " answer they politely,  
 " To your greater wit we bow ;  
 We have read the riddle rightly ;  
 And its answer this, we trow :—

Pearly teeth of pearly whiteness  
 Are your mystic jewels fair ;  
 While your wizard is a dentist !  
 And the couch his patient's chair !

## A LEGEND OF FLIES

AS TOLD BY A HENSPECKED HUSBAND.

---

"These flies ! These flies !"  
(My good wife cries)  
"They're worse than aye this year ;  
They disturb my repose  
By tickling my nose  
And buzzing around my ear.

Wherever I go  
They follow me so,  
I'm sure I shall go mad ;  
I sigh for release,  
For a moment of peace ;  
Alas ! it can't be had."

Says I, "Never mind,  
You'll be sure to find  
Some remedy close at hand."  
Says she, "You're a sot,  
I'm sure there is not  
Such a noodle in all the land.  
You've simply done naught  
Worth giving a thought  
To rid me of this great pest."  
(What with fanning all day  
To drive them away  
I'd not had a moment's rest !)

I'd endeavoured to flick 'em ;  
 In treacle to stick 'em ;  
 With cunning to trick 'em ;  
 Or craftily nick 'em ;  
 To snatch 'em and nab 'em ;  
 By fistfuls to grab em ;  
 Or cruelly stab 'em ;  
 But all of no use  
 Was every ruse  
 Whereby to reduce

The alarming increase of the fly population.  
 In vain I endeavoured, by dint of persuasion  
 To show them the need of a fly emigration ;  
 In vain, too, I tried total extermination,  
 For the laws that govern the fly generation  
 Seem ruled by a system of multiplication.

But the thing that struck me as extra peculiar  
 Was the fondness they showed for my own dearest Julia.  
 (Did I call her my dearest ? I named her too well,  
 For the trouble she's *cost* me is awful to tell !)

I oftentimes wonder  
 How grievous a blunder  
 Those flies laboured under  
 To show such emotion,  
 Such ardent devotion,  
 (How they could I've no notion !)

To the vixinish shrew who's the bane of my life,  
 The cross-grained old "critter" I'm bound to call wife.

If rewards at the Board Schools were given for mumb<sup>ling</sup>  
 For scolding and fidget<sup>ing</sup>, groaning and grumbl<sup>ing</sup>,<sup>A</sup>



I'm convinced that my wife must have taken the prize ;  
 For the horrors and woes of the life I have led  
 Are enough to make a man take to his bed,  
 And, i' faith, I scarce know am I living or dead,  
 Such scoldings I've borne through those horrible flies.

But I've wandered away from original topics,  
 From a natural feeling of wild indignation  
 At the sufferings caused by her gentle persuasion.  
 I fancy I stopped, where, her temper in tropics,  
 My wife had been dubbing her husband a noodle,  
 Not fit to be ranked with a puppy or poodle,  
 Where in spite of my labours to lessen her fears,  
 In spite of my efforts to dry up her tears,  
 In spite of endeavouring my "level best,"  
 She said, I'd done naught to get rid of the pest.

Said she, "Mr. Bull,  
 You're the veriest fool  
 That ever I did know!"  
 "Mrs. B.," I rejoined,  
 "To tell you my mind  
 I need but to say—'Ditto.'"

And then my sweet wife,  
 Waxing warm in the strife,  
 Began to make use  
 Of a storm of abuse  
 Until, with a dozen or more little cries,  
 And a frantical grab at those horrible flies,  
 She fell at my feet in a kind of a swoon  
 And asked, very faintly, for gin in a spoon.

After taking the spirit she seemed to be better,  
 So I thought I'd retire and quietly let her  
 Forget, if she could, the cause of the trouble  
 The source of this very delectable squabble.

But quickly frustrated was this my intention,  
 For out in the road, a rude rustic bench on,  
 Sat a hawker 'mid wares far too numerous to mention.  
 'Mid fly-bottles, fly-papers, fly traps and so on,  
 And a poisonous sugar they're certain to go on.

Seized with a sort of bright inspiration,  
 (My heart beating high with a glad expectation)  
 I bought at the fabulous price of one penny,  
 Of fly preparations a very great many.

In varied positions my treasures I place ;—  
 Then watch with expectant, yet half-anxious gaze  
 The hoped for result of this latest endeavour,  
 Ere disgusted, I cease from my efforts for ever.

\* \* \* \*

On a window-pane sat a most elegant fly,  
 With his nose in the air cocked up ever so high,  
 For afar in the distance he scented a feast,  
 And a fly is a ravenous sort of a beast.  
 Poor fly couldn't tell it was poisonous food  
 But, thinking it smelt most remarkably good,  
 With a buzz of delight he spreads forth his wings  
 And hop, skip and jump ! into mid-air he springs.  
 After roving about for a moment or two  
 He spied the sweet morsel and swift to it flew.  
 Ah ! cruel deception ! led on to his fate,  
 He alighted with glee on the edge of a plate.

Then, having most piously murmured a grace,  
 He fell to the meal at a marvellous pace.  
 Soon, rolling his eyes with a gesture of glee,  
 " Oh, my ! what a treat I am having ! quoth he :  
 At least, I suppose something like that he said,  
 For though in fly languages not so well read.  
 As to know what the meaning of this or that phrase is  
 Or unravel the threads of grammatical mazes ;  
 Yet, for instance, I know when a fly wants to swear,  
 Then his buzz, I assure you, 's a frantic affair.  
 Now a buzz that's expressive of high satisfaction  
 Is not at all like the sharp buzz of distraction,—  
 And there's difference too 'twixt the wondering sort,  
 And the kind that denotes " That is *just* what I thought."  
 But the buzz I'm recording was one of delight ;  
 And the sequel will show that I read it aright.

Moreover, 'twas quite of a lengthy duration ;  
 Though I gave but its gist 'twas a perfect oration ;  
 Concluding at last with a free invitation,  
 Couched in most eloquent terms of persuasion,  
 Addressing at large the whole fly population  
 Of every description, kind, genus, or nation,  
 Then happily sporting in gay recreation  
 Throughout the whole range of this vast habitation.  
 Here were couples engaging in loving flirtation ;  
 Here a bevy on viands making sad depredation,  
 Some of them feasting on tasty collation,  
 Others imbibing deep draughts of potation ;  
 While some were engrossed in most deep meditation ;  
 And others engaged in a brisk ambutation,

Thus trying to hasten their slow circulation ;  
 While others administered sharp castigation  
 On those whom a spirit of insubordination  
 Had brought to a state of such deep degradation  
 That nothing would serve but severe flagellation,  
 Administered often, in ordered rotation,  
 To make them so feel their humiliation  
 As to cause them to start on a true reformation  
 With a view of regaining their honourable station  
 In the ranks of Society's organisation.  
 Here a warrior party of fierce inclination,  
 Worked up to a pitch of most mad indignation,  
 Made every description of dire preparation  
 To renew on my wife their persistent invasion.  
 But still, whatsoever their then occupation,  
 'Twas doomed to an awfully speedy cessation,  
 For, soon as they heard that most grand peroration,  
 Being struck with a feeling of deep admiration,  
 They raised a great buzzing of loud acclamation,  
 And showed of his words such high appreciation,  
 That, one and all yielding to present temptation,  
 They flocked to his side filled with great expectation,  
 And thought they'd improve on the present occasion  
 By starting at once on the glad operation.

Shall I try to describe  
 How the whole of the tribe  
 Fell to eating the stuff at a wonderful rate ?  
 'T would take me too long  
 So I'll hurry along  
 With just a short tale of their subsequent fate.

Before they'd had much, they were all quite agreed  
 That never before had they had such a feed ;  
 They all with one voice called it " Jolly good stuff ;"  
 And I wondered whens'er they'd have had quite enough ;  
 For they seemed very loth from their feasting to sever,  
 Though *I* knew, for one, it would not last for ever.

Soon the veteran fly who'd had the first bite  
 Began to show symptoms of getting quite " tight ! "

For he tumbled about  
 Like a half drunken lout,  
 And made out and out  
 The most horrible rout  
 That ere shocked the devout ;  
 And I very much doubt  
 If a fly with the gout  
 Could raise such a shout,  
 Or, after a bout  
 At the best Dublin stout,  
 Could make such redoubt-  
 -able noises, if even he tried with his might.

But here an old stager,  
 (I'd lay any wager  
 He'd joined a fly's branch of a Temperance Army)  
 Began to rebuke him for being so " loose,"  
 Whereat he replied, " I do not see what harm I  
 Can do, sir, to you by a bit of a ' booze ! ' "

Then the total abstainer looked shocked, oh ! so very !  
 Till *he* on a sudden began to get merry !

Which was more shocking still,  
 In fact made him so ill  
 That you'd think he had drunk quite a large drop of  
 sherry !

And, strange to relate,  
 Such, too, was the fate  
 Of each one and all of that vast population !  
 They all got so tight ;  
 Such a comical sight  
 I had never yet seen in my whole life's duration !

The total abstainer, addicted to preaching,  
 In his liveliest buzz comic melodies screeching :  
 Here a sober blue-bottle was dancing a jig, or  
 A merry young gnat looking staid as a nigger  
 And cutting a very ridiculous figure.  
 Here a crabby old bachelor found himself plighting,  
 His troth to a widow, so dear and delighting,  
 He vowed not a moment's delay would he tarry,  
 But at once this most charming young dame he would  
     marry,  
 In spite of, if need be, the very old Harry.

But, wo ! I must stop, to recount every antic  
 Would take me so long, I'm sure you'd get frantic,  
 To make a long story as short as I can  
 To get very sleepy they each one began.  
 And I beg to assure you it wasn't so long  
 Ere my vengeance wreaked on that troublesome throng ;  
 For they'd scarce been asleep far the space of a wink  
 Ere they all turned a delicate kind of a pink ;

Then over and over they rolled,  
 And shivered as tho' it were cold,—  
 They kicked and they spluttered,—  
 They flew and they fluttered,—  
 They chattered and stuttered,—  
 Dread buzzes they muttered,—  
 And fearful oaths uttered,—

Then set up at once a most horrible sneezing,  
 Which very soon sank to a faint kind of wheezing ;  
 Then, raising their eyes to the far distant ceiling  
 With an extra pathetic expression of feeling,  
 As tho' in great anguish they painfully cried,  
 Then kicked once or twice, rolled over—and died.

\*   \*   \*   \*

Thinks I ;—" Now the cause of our trouble is over  
 My Julia nad I will live just in clover !  
 How happy we'll be, without groaning or grumbling !  
 No epithets using, no malisons mumbling !  
 Life now will be full of a cartload of blisses !  
 And in lieu of our scoldings we'll wallow in kisses !"  
 Alas ! I was born 'neath an ill-omened star !  
 I've been pickled by fate in a vinegar-jar !  
 (In vinegar, too, that's most awfully strong,  
 For it flows from the wag of my Julia's tongue.)

When I told her her troubles were now overpast,  
 When I told her each insect had breathed out its last ;  
 " Don't come prating to me like a noodle !" she cried,  
 " For though I rejoice that the flies have all died,  
 Yet I tell you this dodge, sir, you ought to have tried,  
 Long ago, when for freedom from itches I sighed.

But since we've been wedded I've always descried,  
My husband's a fool; and it can't be denied !”

“Eh ! what's that you said ? Hold your tongue ! Mr. B.,  
Or I'll give you dry bread and cold water for tea !”

And this was the thanks that I got for my trouble !

MORAL : If you are single, Don't go and get Double !



## III.—THE SOGG OF A COLD ID THE DOSE.

—

I wadt to sigg a little sogg  
 A woeful, wee labedt,—  
 A wail of bisery profoundd,  
 Of bobedts sadly spedt.

All Dature wore a sbiligg face,  
 The Sudlight shode serede;  
 The verdadt fields add wavigg trees  
 Were bathed id golded sheed.

But Dature had for be do charbs  
 Her sbiles rejoiced be dot;  
 For Antubd tidts add varyigg shades  
 I did d't care ode jot.

What though the scede, id glory clad  
 Would joy a Libder's heart?  
 It gladded'd dot by achigg eyes  
 But odly bade theb sbart.

Withid their leafy dests the birds  
 Trilled forth their berry lays;  
 Like bells achibe, their dotes ragg out  
 Id rippligg floods of praise.

While id it's bourdful bidor chords  
 The soughigg of the breeze  
 With stradge add weirdsobe harboddy  
 Wedt boadigg through the trees.

But Busic had for be do charbs  
 Her straits od be were lost,  
 I heard theb dot, because I was  
 As deaf as ady post.

Close to by side a budch of flowers  
 Sedt forth a sweet perfube ;  
 A haggkerchief bedowed with scedt  
 With fragradce filled the roob.

But had it beed a budch of leeks  
 It battered dot to be ;  
 The fragradce of a fried fish shop  
 Would just as pleasadt be :—

For do d't, you udderstadd, by friedds,  
 I have that worst of woes,—  
 That horrible add dasty thigg,  
 A cold (tschoo !) id by dose.

## IV.—LINES OF PENITENCE.

---

*To an æsthetic young lady, on the refusal of a too  
presumptuous request.*

---

Pensive maiden ! peerless maiden !  
 See me low before thy shrine ;  
 Scarce dare I in deep abasement  
 Raise my falt'ring gaze to thine.

Pensive maiden ! peerless maiden !  
 Listen to my humble rhyme,  
 Though it break the silver silence,  
 Though it mar the thought sublime.

Pensive maiden ! peerless maiden !  
 Thou art, as a lily, fair ;  
 Halo'ed in a golden gloaming  
 Radiant in a rapture rare.

Pensive maiden ! peerless maiden !  
 In the realms of beauty Queen,  
 Far beyond the senses' limits  
 Reigning in the great unseen !

Pensive maiden ! peerless maiden !  
 As a moonlit valley, calm ;  
 Fanned by gentle, soulful zephyrs ;  
 Far from matter's mad alarm !

Peerless maiden ! pensive maiden !  
 Gushing, as a fountain bright !  
 High above the fields of darkness  
 Bubbling in ethereal light !

*Thou* a peerless, pensive maiden ;  
*I* a thing of worthless clay ;  
*Thou* intense and truly soulful ;—  
*I*, still bound in sense's sway.

How could I, oh peerless maiden,  
 Dream the dreams of undreamt bliss,  
 Or my poor weak mortal fancy  
 Soar beyond a saucy kiss ?

How could I, oh, peerless maiden,  
 E'er to such a deed aspire ?  
 From beyond the mystic circle  
 Dare approach the sacred fire ?

Peerless, but offended maiden !  
 Potent falls the lash of scorn,  
 When by such as thou 'tis wielded !  
 When by such as I 'tis borne !

Pardon, then, oh, peerless maiden !  
 My too forward wish I pray :  
 Now no more, in righteous anger,  
 Turn thy soulful gaze away !

Let thy smile, oh, peerless maiden !  
 As the rising sungod be !  
 As he fills the earth with brightness  
 Let it charm and comfort me.

*I* a novice am, oh maiden !  
    *Thou* high priestess of the shrine !  
Let *thy* thoughts, so truly pensive,  
    Find an echo now in *mine*.

Teach me how, oh peerless maiden !  
    To be utterly intense !  
How to lose my prosy notions  
    In true poetry's immense !

Take me by the hand, oh maiden !  
    Lead me in thy mystic lore ;  
Make me quite " too-too," as thou art,  
    Show me all the golden store.

Once again I ask, oh, maiden !  
    Listen to my humble rhyme !  
Though it break the silver silence,  
    Though it mar the thought sublime !

## V.—WHY THE MEN DON'T PROPOSE.

---

*A Reply to T. H. Bayly's "Why don't the men propose."*

---

"Why don't the men propose?" you ask,  
 In a sighing sort of way;  
 My reasons I would like to give  
 If you'll list to what I say.  
 The fault is not your mother's, dear,  
*That* without saying goes  
 The fault is *nearer home*, my dear,  
 Why men will not propose.

You may have done your best, my dear,  
 To make your "matches" *flame*;  
 They only *strike* upon that heart  
 That love his own may claim.  
 You keep a watch for moneyed men,  
 Or handsome dashing beaux;  
 You care not for a loving heart;—  
*That's* why men won't propose.

You try the game of "languishing,"  
 And seeming "quite too-too,"—  
 A sorry mask! a veil of gauze!  
 One glance will pierce it through!  
 Your cleverness (assumed) is like  
 Your gay and gaudy clothes,  
 It cannot hide the crippled mind;—  
*That's* why men won't propose.

And next you try the "simple" plan,—  
 Put on the "shy" and "coy;"—  
 And though we prize simplicity  
 As gold without alloy  
 When, 'neath her blushes truth is seen,—  
 Not so *your* artful "pose,"  
 Nor simple face with scheming soul;  
*That's* why we won't propose.  
  
 "Now what is to be done?" you ask  
 "For time goes rolling on."  
 Just take a gentle hint from me  
 Ere chances all are gone.  
 Let truthful, unaffected grace  
 A loving heart disclose :—  
 Then, should you take the hint, my dear,  
 Why, *I'll* at once propose !

## VL—A RIDDLE.



Dear reader, in me,  
A slumber you'll see :  
But if with a tail you present me,  
Why, then, you should see  
A number in me  
Of value betwixt ten and twenty.



## VIL.—TO AN ACTOR.

—  
All hail ! who as with magic wand,  
Or by a spell of mystic power,  
Bring'st from the past's forgotten land  
The shadows of the days of yore.

All hail ! as from thy gifted tongue  
Flow forth the wakened words again  
In glowing streams of eloquence,  
That flash through each impassioned strain.

All hail ! as with obedient tread,  
Great heroes answer to thy spell,—  
To live awhile, in thee, again,  
And in thy words their history tell.

All hail ! as at thy whispered prayer,  
Like a soft rain from heaven above,  
In peaceful accents gently fell  
Words that reveal the power of love.

All hail ! as at thy dread command  
Fell furies burst from Hell's control ;  
And o'er the scene unhallowed flames  
In burning surges onward roll.

All hail ! when laughter's jollity  
Rings out a merry mirthful chime ;  
And smiles, at thy bequest, appear  
Like twinkling stars at eveningtime.

All hail ! when sorrow reigns supreme.  
Hot tears, like raindrops, downward flow ;  
And from her sunless palace forth  
Appears the sombre form of woe.

All hail ! my words too feeble are,  
My thoughts I cannot rightly tell ;  
But memory yet reveals the might  
Which here, awhile, thou wieldedst well.

All hail, O Histrion ! thy art  
Has given us many a pleasant hour ;  
So may it oft repeated be  
By memory's sweet and gentle power.

All hail ! may fortune favour thee  
While wand'ring on thy pilgrim way ;  
And let not me forgotten be  
Who write to thee this little lay.

## VIII—TIME.

*Written (by request) on the occasion of a Silver Wedding.*

Time is like a lordly monarch  
 Throned in potency untold,  
 With the destiny of ages  
 Resting firmly in his hold.

All are subject to his empire,  
 None can e'er his will evade,  
 And the circle of his ruling,  
 Is for all creation made.

But, though works his will for ever,  
 In its never ceasing round,—  
 As the rolling of a river,—  
 As the ocean's surging sound :—

Yet on divers objects working,  
 Moulds them, each for divers ends ;—  
 Some beneath a yoke of iron  
 With a cruel grasp he bands ;

Others follow at his bidding,  
 In a path with roses lined,  
 And his laws are laws of mercy  
 By the herald Love defined.

One alone, of all his subjects  
 Is of greater might than he ;  
 Though the tyrant's laws be cruel  
 He can make them pleasant be.

Or the hand of Time be heavy,—  
 Or in benediction raised,—  
 Happiness can ne'er be wanting  
 Where the lamp of Love hath blazed.

Love the herald, you befriending,  
 Has the tyrant's will made known ;  
 His own happiness inblending,  
 While the years have onward flown.

Onward from the birth of Erôs,—  
 Onward from the nuptial day,—  
 Time and Love have ruled together,  
 Love has born the wider sway.

Onward from the Silver Wedding,—  
 Onward through the realms of Time,—  
 Love shall wield the tyrant's power,  
 Making all his laws sublime.

Onward through the years unfolding  
 Let the monarch still have sway,  
 All his laws by Love dictated :—  
 Happiness be yours for aye.

IX.—EVENTIDE.  

---

The shades of Evening 'mid the trees are falling,  
And Zephyr's gentle breezes softly blow ;  
While to the murmuring leaves they're sweetly calling  
And breathing songs of love in accents low.

The mists adown the distant hills are stealing,  
And mantling them as 'neath a tender shroud ;  
And Nature hath her charms now ceased revealing  
As all lies hidden 'neath the sheltering cloud.

And now, as from a cloudy bath uprising,  
The Moon her chastened beauty forth reveals ;  
And for the sleeping Earth new dreams devising,  
She through the love-lit sky in silence steals.

While in the valley's gloom, beneath the mountains,  
A silver streamlet ripples softly by ;  
And mingles with the music of its fountains,  
The echoes of the Night's weird harmony.

Then, as among the shades I wander slowly,  
And hearken to the rippling of the stream ;—  
The Spirit of the Night enwraps me wholly,  
And lulls the senses in a happy dream.

## X.—THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

—  
Slowly the bells are tolling  
With a deep and solemn boom ;—  
'Tis the knell of a soul that's passing,  
'Tis the call to an open tomb.

Solemnly o'er the silence,  
Clear through the awful calm,  
Clear on the frosty midnight,  
With a weird and woeful charm,  
Waileth the dirge of the mourners,  
The Old Year's requiem ;  
Passed to the sleep of his fathers,  
Passed into rest with them.

Waiting his call to the Judgment,  
Waiting with book in hand,  
Waiting to open the record  
When we at the Bar shall stand.

Patiently waited he with us,  
While his days were rolling on ;—  
Mourned at our sins and sorrows  
Joyed at the good deeds done.

Laughed in our mirth and pleasure  
Joined in our happiness ;  
Left us to our Christmas feasting,  
And perished in loneliness.

Then drop we a tear to his mem'ry,  
 Mourn we o'er his grave awhile,  
 Crying "Peace to his soul in the Rest-land!"  
 As we kindle his funeral pile.

But, hush! for the stillness deepens  
 And Night giveth place to Morn:—  
 The passing knell is over,  
 The glad New Year is born.

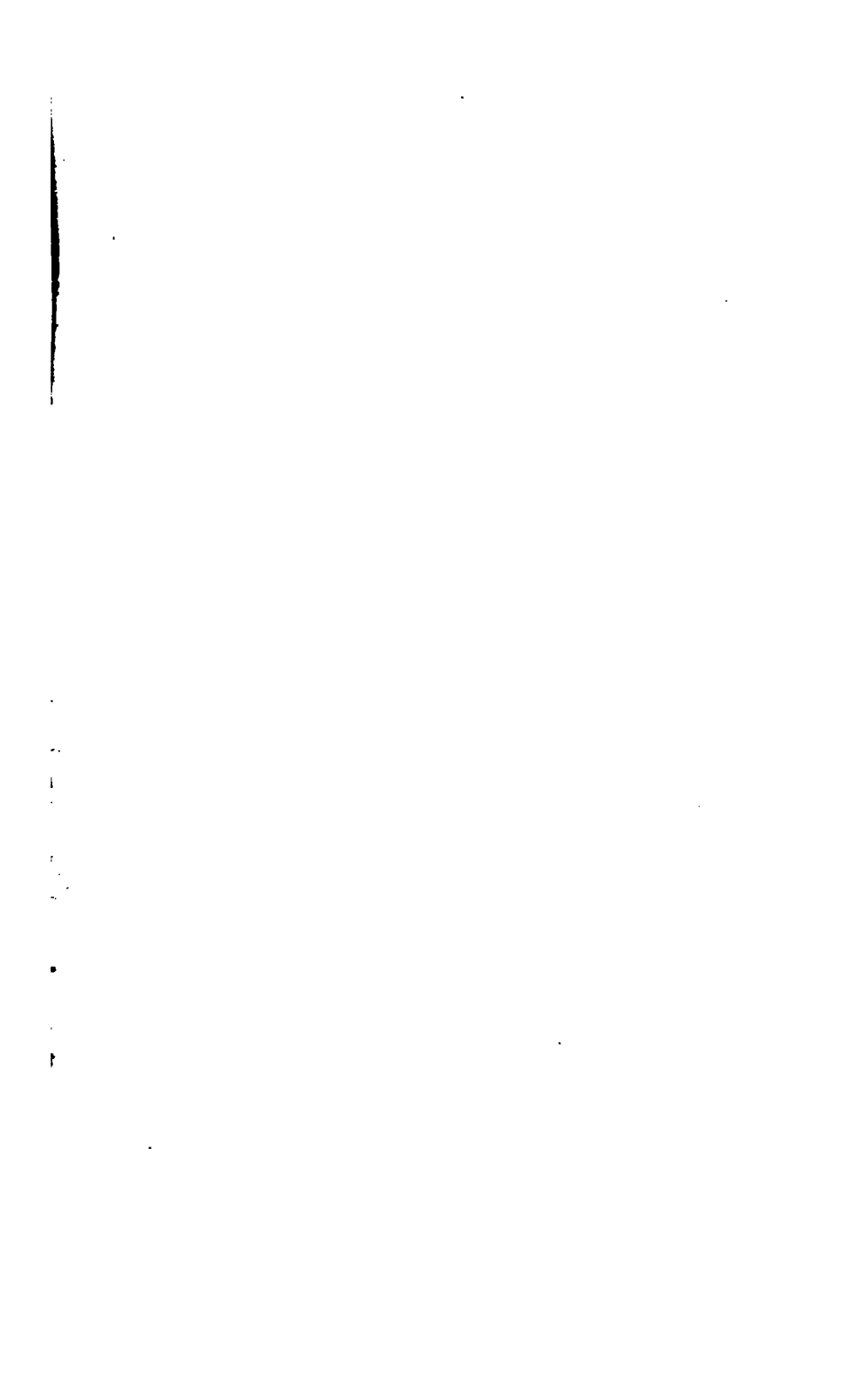
Cease, then, oh cease your mourning!  
 Mirth in your hearts instil!  
 He comes! and with joys and blessings  
 Our every day shall he fill.

We greet thee, New Year, and we hail thee!  
 Thou Bridegroom of future joys!  
 And for thee a paean of welcome  
 Our erst sad lips employs.

Hail to thee, hail to thee, new comer!  
 Full be thy days of peace!  
 Brimfull be the chalice of gladness!  
 As stores of sweet love increase.

Lead us with light from heaven  
 In the paths of divinest love,  
 Pointing with cheering finger  
 To the crown that awaits us above.

Till Thou, too, shalt go before us  
 Out into the dreamy past,  
 Waiting to smile as a welcome  
 To Heaven's own joys at last.













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